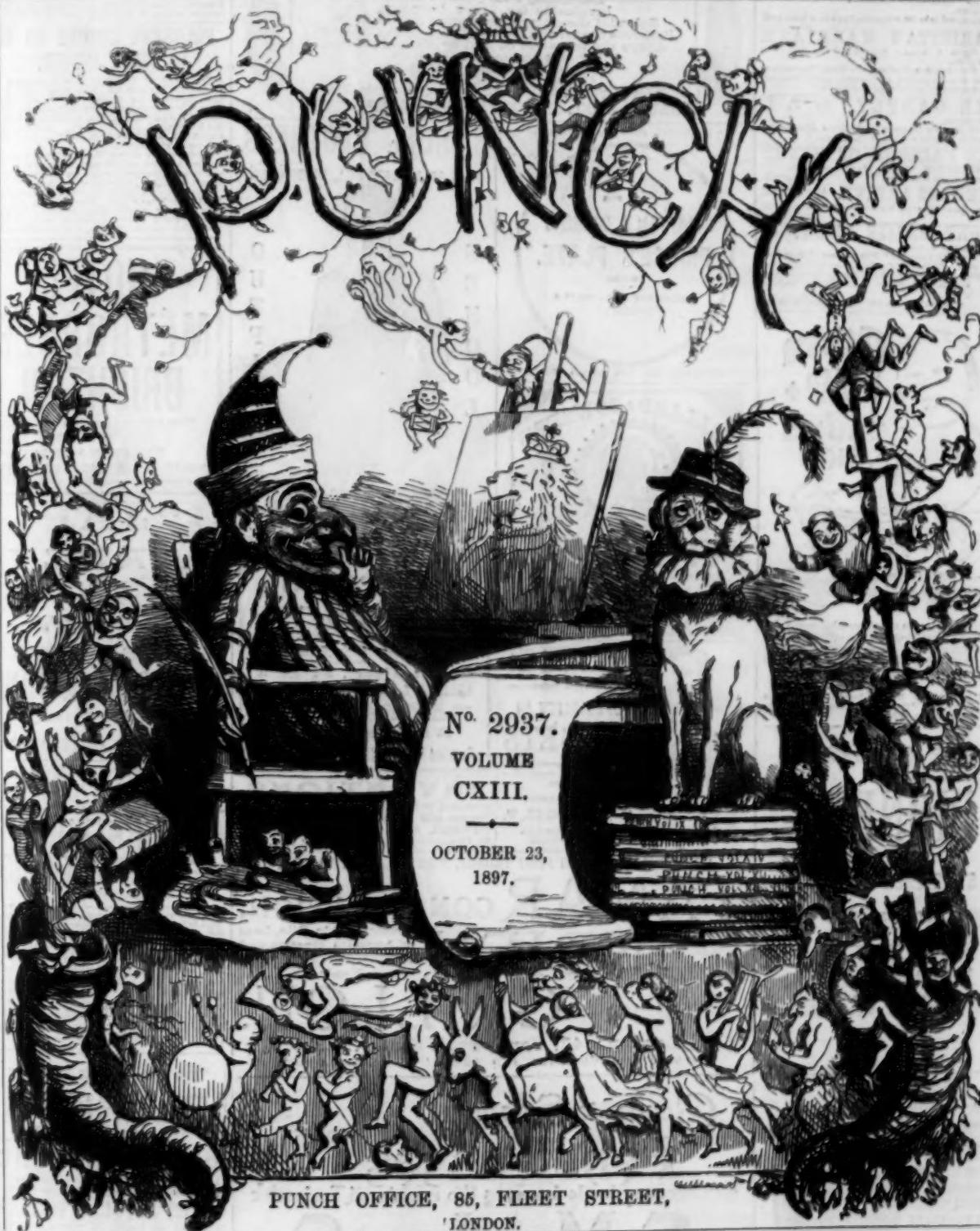


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THE ORIENT COMPANY will despatch their
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Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes

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Thousands of wonderful cures have been

effected by it. In bottles, 2s. 6d. and 1s.

each, of Chemists everywhere.

BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.



IN A BLIND DITCH.

Sportsman (to friend, whom he has mounted on a raw four-year-old for "a quiet morning's outing"). "Bravo, Jack! Well done! That's just what the clumsy beggar wanted. Teach him to look where he's going!"

THE TELEPHONE CLERK.

"Do the operators sometimes become exhausted before the day's work is over?—Sometimes we have operators in hysterics through the behaviour of the subscribers on the wires."

"Does that often occur?—We have had it frequently."

Glasgow Telephone Service; Government Inquiry.

TING-A-RING! The bells are ringing

"Are you there? Are you there?"

And the wires are all a-singing

"Are you there? Are you there?"

They are buzzing like a hive,

"Come along, Miss! Look alive!

Hitch me on to 4, 0, 5—

Are you there?"

Then another one starts bawling,

"Are you there? Are you there?"

Now then! Can't you hear me calling?

Are you there? Are you there?

Hurry up! It's deuced late,

Number 2, 0, 4, 9, 8—

Are you coming, Miss?—Can't wait!

Are you there?"

Then the lady who goes shopping—

"Are you there? Are you there?

What an age you've kept me stopping!

Are you there? Are you there?

Oh, these girls! They are so mazy,

And abominably lazy!

They're enough to drive one crazy!

Are you there?"

Then the bells ring all together,

"Are you there? Are you there?"

And a dozen voices blather

"Are you there? Are you there?"

And we try to persevere
To lend attentive ear,
But the sort of thing we hear
Is "Are you there?"

"Come along, Jack! Here's a spree,
Dear mamma's gone out to ten—" "Yes, I'm bringing two or three
Home to dinner, Mrs. V.—"
"Oh, you are! And what of me?
You're a brute—" "I quite agree,
Still, while Britain holds the sea—" "What! you've lost your new latch-key?
May I ask where you might be?
Oh, I daresay! Jubilee!
Now mamma's come she will see—" "What! your mother! Oh, the d—!"
"Are you there?"

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THE
"JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN"
All-round Tonic Bitters.

"MEJO"

Involves the Invertebrate.
MEJO is an amiability-producing, party-pushing, policy-creating, place-capturing panacea.

MEJO makes you forgive.
MEJO is as gentle as a dove.
Everybody loves MEJO.

ME Nothing else counts. JO.
ME Nobody matters. JO.
ME No Tory need apply. JO.
All Colonial Premiers take it. President KRUOER was brought up on it.

Every bottle bears the following certificate:—"I guarantee that this preparation is made according to MY POLICY."
"JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN."

THE HALL CAINE VOICE JUJUBE.

"MANXO,"

A genuine Throat-polisher and Tongue-tickler.

Makes detraction dumb.
Criticism cringes before it.

"MANXO" for Men.
"MANXO" for Moralists.
"MANXO" for Missionaries.
"MANXO" for Music Halls.

The Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE says, "Manxo is my favourite jujube, and were it not for the fact that I have now ceased to take an active part in the politics of the day, though the disgraceful action of the European Concert calls aloud for redress, I might yet hope, by the aid of Manxo, to make my voice heard even in the palace of the Assassin."

"MANXO."

Every bottle bears the following certificate:—"I guarantee that this is a colossal preparation made according to my formulae."

"HALL CAINE."

THE "HALL CAINE VOICE JUJUBE CO."

FROM OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE ONE (still baulking capture).—Q. What is the most suitable sign of mourning for an unproductive egg? A. Why, a hatch-meant, of course!



John Bull. "HULLO! WHILE I'VE BEEN ASLEEP, THAT CONFUSED MONSOO HAS BEEN MAKING UP TO MY AFRICAN LILY!"

DARBY JONES NATURALLY ELATED.

HONOURED SIR.—Once more has the old Warrior prophesied the solution of the Cesarewitch Conundrum, and placed you and your readers in the proud position for adding substantial luxuries to wonted Winter provender. Were I an advertising tipster, I would insert the following in every leading journal, including the *London Gazette*:—

Who gave *Merman* at fourteen to one? **DARBY JONES.**

Who plumped for *Merman*? **DARBY JONES.**

Who has enriched landmen with a *Merman*? **DARBY JONES.**

Who knew that Mr. JERSEY must know congenitally all about a *Merman*? **DARBY JONES.**

Who told of the true tale of a *Merman*? **DARBY JONES.**

Who foretold that *Merman* was a good birthday gift? **DARBY JONES.**

Who at the present moment is expecting the reward of *Merman's* success? **DARBY JONES.**

But, as you know well, honoured Sir, the obviously laudatory paragraphs in question are merely the playful lubrications of an Observant and Triumphant Brain. Armed with a well-lined note-case, and still continuing to drink the health of the Jersey Lily, I feel in but poor fettle to stain my fingers with blue-black ink were it not for the Public Duty, which compels me, even so long beforehand, to draw the attention of my clients to the Prodigious Chance possessed by the other Jersey Crack for capturing the Cambridgeshire, with whom I couple the American Saint, despite the over-the-Herring-Pond jockey, who, when riding, appears to be picking the horse's teeth. As a Princely Turfite observed to me at the Subscription Rooms, "Channel Island cattle thrive well at Newmarket."

A tip in time saves many mishances, though later on I shall revert to the subject in poetic vein. Meantime here is prose for those who con. I was pleased, honoured Sir, to ascertain that you and your distinguished associates were not too exalted to accept the *ipse dixit* of the Garrulous Old Man, and in this connection I may mention that my Wine Cellar and Cigar Cabinet sadly need replenishing. You know, Sir, the adage about a wink and a nod. I will say no more. I was in rare luck by the Ditch, for I met an Impoverished Nobleman, who, having owed me five golden sovereigns for five lengthy years, was sufficiently alive to the responsibilities of the situation as to hand me five shillings of the amount due, with a verbal I O U for the balance. And then he put a frigid hundred (on the nod) on *Carlton Grange* for the big race. There are some bookmakers, honoured Sir, who, although possessing the vocal strength of Mr. RICHARD DUNN, are nevertheless, under certain circumstances, as beautifully innocent as proverbial pigeons. But they are nevertheless called hawks by those altogether ignorant of Turf Falconry. Awaiting your ever-welcome Souvenir of success, I am ever, honoured Sir,

Your devoted
Cap and Jacket Poet Laureate,
DARBY JONES.

P.S.—Please let me remind you never to cross your cheques until a difference of opinion between myself and my Financial Agents is adjusted.

**NOTES OF TRAVEL.**

Foreign Husband (whose Wife is going to remain longer). "GIF ME TWO TICKETS. VON FOR ME TO COME BACK; AND VON FOR MY WIFE NOT TO COME BACK!"

At the Illustrated Atlas Office.

Editor (to Subordinate). Now what are we to do with these sketches of Russian prisoners being taken to Siberia?

Subordinate. Mightn't we call them "Miners on the way to Klondike"?

Editor. Excellent idea! Just knock out the Cosacks, and fill in with snow-drifts.

BEANS FOR BACON.—County Court Judge BACON of Whitechapel, according to a reported case in the *Daily Mail* for the 15th, seems to entertain a strong aversion to the litigious Hebrews of Whitechapel. But, *per contra*, all the Jews, of Whitechapel and everywhere, have a rooted aversion to Bacon. So 'tis millions to one against His Honour.

Books we may anticipate.

By the author of *Social Switzerland*:—
"Larky Lapland," "Rowdy Roumania," "Attractive Armenia," "Vivacious Venezuela," "Touchy Texas," &c.

By the author of *Beside the Guns*:—
"On Top of the Barracks," "Before the Colonel," "Under the Mess-Table," "All Round the Major," &c.

NOTE FROM NEWMARKET—THE CESAREWITCH.—Mr. JERSEY, better known as Mrs. LANGTRY, put his or her trust in a *Mer(e)man*, and was not disappointed.

PLenty of coal in Kent, seamingly.



"THE ODOUR OF THE FLOWER IS GONE!"

[*"FOXES.—Exceedingly handsome vixen, tame, hand-reared, frolicsome and amusing, pink of condition, full-grown, no smell. 15s., or exchange anything; worth 50s."*—*The Bazaar.*]

Huntsman (after several ineffectual casts for line of hunted fox). "IT AIN'T NO USE, TOM. BLOWED IF I DON'T THINK HE'S ONE OF THAT BREED THAT 'AVEN'T GOT ANY SMELL!"

JONES, WYNDHAM, & CO. LIMITED LIAR-ABILITY.

EVERYBODY interested in the Drama will heartily congratulate Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES, first on having written the best comedy that has been seen for some time on the English stage, and, secondly, on his exceptionally good fortune in procuring for it so excellent a company as Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM has gathered round him at the Criterion Theatre. It is not too much to say that there is not, in the whole cast, one single rôle even indifferently played. All concerned, from the principal character down to a supernumerary servant, are at their very best. So also is the author. The third act is perfect comedy; the wit lies in the situation developed by dialogue that is never once strained for effect, and by perfectly natural acting, that is, by acting of the highest artistic merit. From the commencement of this act until within measurable distance of its climax the audience laugh heartily; the enjoyment of the ingenuous complication being intensified with the arrival of each character on the scene. The actors are perfectly serious; the audience, being in the secret, revel in their perplexities and in the prospective tragedy of their troubles. This third act is a masterpiece, and indeed it would be difficult to name any other comedy of our time in which there occurs a better scene, or even its equal.

An author creates his characters, and has an unquestionable right to do as he likes with them within the elastic limits of probability. It may be doubted whether in the fourth act, which is at a great disadvantage after so brilliant a third, the author has not, in a weak and tender-hearted moment, allowed himself to yield to the pleadings of Miss MARY MOON on behalf of *Lady Jessica Nepean*, and caused that irritating, flirty, flighty little person, the liar-in-chief, to make just one attempt at winning the sympathy of the audience. This is most decidedly a mistake; she should be a feather-headed, vain, silly flirt to the last; there should have been no secret parting with her devoted lover, leaving the audience in doubt as to what really took place at that final

meeting; and if the husband (admirably played by Mr. STANDING) is compelled by the author to propose an enjoyable supper-party, we ought to see at a glance how, in another second, she will be all smiles and enthusiasm over a delicious pâté and inspiring champagne. And in this fourth act, too, Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM, making his preparations for going to Africa next morning, is perpetually breaking off in the midst of his serious speeches, suddenly remembering that "he must go on with his packing," just as in *The Headless Man* he was always interrupting himself with "Now I must write to my uncle." Presumably there is, in this act, more of CHARLES WYNDHAM, as *Christopher Deering*, than of HENRY AUTHOR JONES. Also the love-making of Sir Christopher, and his final acceptance by the widow, Mrs. Crespin (Miss JANETTE STEER), seems to have been an after-thought for the sake of "keeping up the Christopher."

That the celebrated African explorer, the terribly-in-earnest Edward Falkner (Mr. THALBERG)—*L'homme qui ne rit pas*—should have allowed even his best friend to continue bullying and lecturing him, "all for his good," as if he were a naughty school-boy, is, granted the character as described and pourtrayed, a step beyond the bounds of probability. Such a man might just tolerate a moral lecture from his dearest friend once, and only once; but he would then have said, "My dear fellow, many thanks. You mean well; but—I don't wish to hear any more on this subject,—and so good day." Any further interference would have been resented as an impertinence by such a man of action as is this resolute African explorer.

Mr. VANE-TEMPEST and Mr. ALFRED BISHOP are admirable; as are all the ladies in the play without exception.

That the Criterion is provided with an exceptional play which will have an exceptionally long run, there cannot be a doubt; so, once again,—congratulations to all concerned in it.

REMARK OF AN ARDENT QUOT-PLAYER ON EXPERIENCING THE FIRST FROST OF THE YEAR.—Now is the winter of our diskos-tent.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"Dainty" is the word for it. Nothing short of the epithet "dainty" can be applied to the little pocket-volume containing *The Rape of the Lock*, illustrated in weirdly-fantastic style by Mr. AUBREY BEARDSLEY. Yet the fantastic has great attractions. It invites close inquiry into details by the aid of a powerful magnifying-glass, otherwise may be lost some of the exquisite limning which is the *specialité* of this artist. Yet, *Belinda* at her toilet-table, having her hair dressed by her maid, while the park in perspective is seen through the open window, is the best, as it is the simplest of them all. Of the "strange phantoms rising as the mists arise" (p. 32), it can only be said that it is a marvellous representation of the nightmare of an artist who does himself not wisely, but far too well, at an unnecessary supper. "Only that and nothing more." The book is a dainty curiosity, and there is not a collector of such literary curios who should be without this latest edition of Pope's "Heroic-comical poem," *The Rape of the Lock*, as published by LEONARD SMITHERS of the Royal Arcade, W.

By Right of Sword (HUTCHINSON) is a book my Baronite recommends the gentle reader not to pick up about the hour at which she (or he) ought to be going to bed. It will be found difficult to lay it down before reading it through. The plot is most ingenious, a quite original development of the Jekyll and Hyde idea. The wide difference is, that there are actually two men concerned, the merging of their identity being rendered possible by singularly complete personal resemblance. The Cornish man having assumed the name and position of the Russian officer who meanwhile has fled the country, works his way through the labyrinth of danger and difficulty under the guidance of Mr. MARCHMONT's skilful hand. From the safety of a comfortable chair the reader follows with breathless interest the frequent feints and swift turns.

Mr. MORLEY ROBERTS knows his Thames from Chelsea to Rotherhithe, and has the gift of peopling it with pictures of men and things, not forgetting women. In *Maurice Quain* (HUTCHINSON), the half of London who have not the slightest idea how the other half live, will find the secret disclosed. The life is sordid, not always honest, occasionally brutal. Mr. ROBERTS has succeeded in investing it with a garment of romance that makes it grimly attractive. Above all, there is the river in its varied moods and aspects, at morning, noon, and night, painted with skill and force my Baronite does not remember to be exceeded in other pages.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

CROSS QUESTIONS AND VERY STRAIGHT ANSWERS.

(Proposed Addition to the Soldier's Pocket-book by Viscount W-ls-l-y.)

Question. So JOHN BULL has been idiot enough not to add a single battalion to his Army since 1870?

Answer. That is the ridiculous fact—until this year.

Q. And the dolts has done something at last?

A. Yes; the silly fellow has authorised an increment of 8,000 men.

Q. Good gracious! Is this enough?

A. By Jingo! No.

Q. Well, out with it—why not?

A. Because only a fool doesn't know that during the last quarter of a century we have increased our territory by millions of miles.

Q. Then what on earth are we to do?

A. Why, stir up JOHN BULL with a long pole and give him no peace until he is wide awake to his responsibilities.

Q. And how is this to be done—by hanging somebody?

A. Well, that would be the best way, but as that sort of thing is out of date, and also illegal, perhaps it is safer to attain the same effect by a rattling good alarmist speech delivered at a widely-reported public dinner.

The highest possible Record of Character.

New Rector of Swaddlington (to Sexton). I see that the forge is close by the church, GRASSMORE. I hope that the smith is one of our friends?

Sexton. Why, bless 'ee, yes, Sir, 'e's the only man in all the parish as settled over the Cessarewitch.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Any one sending in a joke, mentioning kiss, &c., with reference to the Ladies Billiard Match, will be prosecuted according to Joe Millerian Law. Mr. Punch intends to take a long rest over this affair, and, according to the canons of the table, refuses to be drawn by the In-cue-baiter, even where hazardous damsels are concerned. Let the guilty parties accept this tip in time!



THE FORGOTTEN PAST

Mechanic (to Policeman). "WHAT'S GOIN' ON 'ERE, THEN?"
Policeman. "DECORATING THE STATUE TO COMMEMORATE THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR."
Mechanic. "OH! I NEVER KNEW THE BATTLE WAS FOUGHT 'ERE!"

"DOUBTFUL FREQUENTATIONS."

[Mr. WH-STL-N, having had a packet returned to him marked "Not known at the R. A.," forwards the same to a daily paper with the characteristic comment:—"In these days of doubtful frequentations, it is my rare good fortune to be able to send you an unsolicited, official, and final certificate of character."]

J. McN. W. cantat:—

In these days of "frequentations" that as "doubtful" may be classed,

You cannot be too careful where your lot in life is cast;
If a man's a past practitioner in the art of making foes,
He needs to keep a sharp look-out to know who 'tis he knows!

True genius is eclectic—I avoid the common herd
Of mere R.A.'s who boil their pot with canvases absurd.
They don't know me—what's more, they sha'n't; such mediocre folks

Are not the sort I used to see at my smart "Ten o'clocks!"

I might have joined the House of Lords, or been, at least, M.P., Commander-in-Chief, Lord Chancellor, or top of any tree,
But that I fear to find myself in a situation fixed
Where frequentations have a way of being badly mixed.

And now I come to think of it, the world's a doubtful place,
Freighted by a dubious tribe known as the human race;
It isn't safe to walk abroad—you ne'er know whom you'll meet,
So a desert isle's the spot for me, and not the crowded street!

DIPLOMATIC MAXIMS À L'AMÉRICAINE.

WHEN an English Minister says one thing he means another.
Hope disappointed warrants astonishment.

"Won't" in England denotes "Will" in the United States.

If a French umpire decides adversely to Transatlantic pretensions, a good thing to do is to get further umpires from Russia and Japan.

Bunkum is good, but bluster is safer.

A lie ready to hand is better than the truth in the bush.
Although it is easy to climb up, it is not difficult—when needs be—to climb down.



She. "BUT SURELY YOU BELIEVE THAT THE SINS OF THE FATHER ARE VISITED ON THE CHILDREN!"
He. "RATHER. MY GOVERNOR PROMISED TO LET ME HAVE A FIVER THIS MORNING; BUT HE LOST IT AT POKER LAST NIGHT, SO I DIDN'T GET IT!"

A JEWEL OF AN IDEA.

"A machine for making matrimonial proposals is the latest novelty. This interesting development is to be seen in a West End jeweller's window, and at first sight appears to be an innocent marguerite daisy in white enamel upon gold; but, by moving an adroitly hidden spring in the calyx, the single blossom expands into a double one, and upon the newly-revealed petals is written the all-momentous question."—*Daily Telegraph.*

We understand that a well-known Peer is shortly to figure as defendant in no fewer than six breach-of-promise actions. It seems that, admiring a new variety of brooch exhibited in a jeweller's window, he purchased half-a-dozen, and gave them to various ladies of his acquaintance. He was wholly unaware that, on pressing a spring, there appeared inscribed on each brooch the words "Will you marry me?" Each of the recipients, however, speedily discovered the inscription, and each wrote an affectionate and an affirmative answer to the question, whence the unpleasant position in which his lordship now finds himself.

THERE is no truth in the report that Lord BATTLEAXE has consented to his son's proposed marriage. On the contrary, we understand that when, in accordance with the prevailing fashion, the young gentleman presented his father with a scarf-pin bearing the words "Nothing will induce me to give her up!" Lord BATTLEAXE replied by giving his son a delicately-engraved ring, inscribed simply, "Cut off with a shilling."

IN selecting jewellery conveying messages, it is well to be particular that each article is sent to the person for whom it is intended. We heard lately of a young man who chose two lockets as presents, one meant for an elderly relative, containing the words, "Old age like thine is more than youth or beauty,"

the other, intended for his fiancée, reading, "Darling, my love, my sweet, my heart's delight!" By a stupid blunder on the part of the shopkeeper, his aged maiden aunt received the latter, and the young lady who was—but is no longer—his fiancée, the former of these lockets, with, in each case, the most disastrous results.

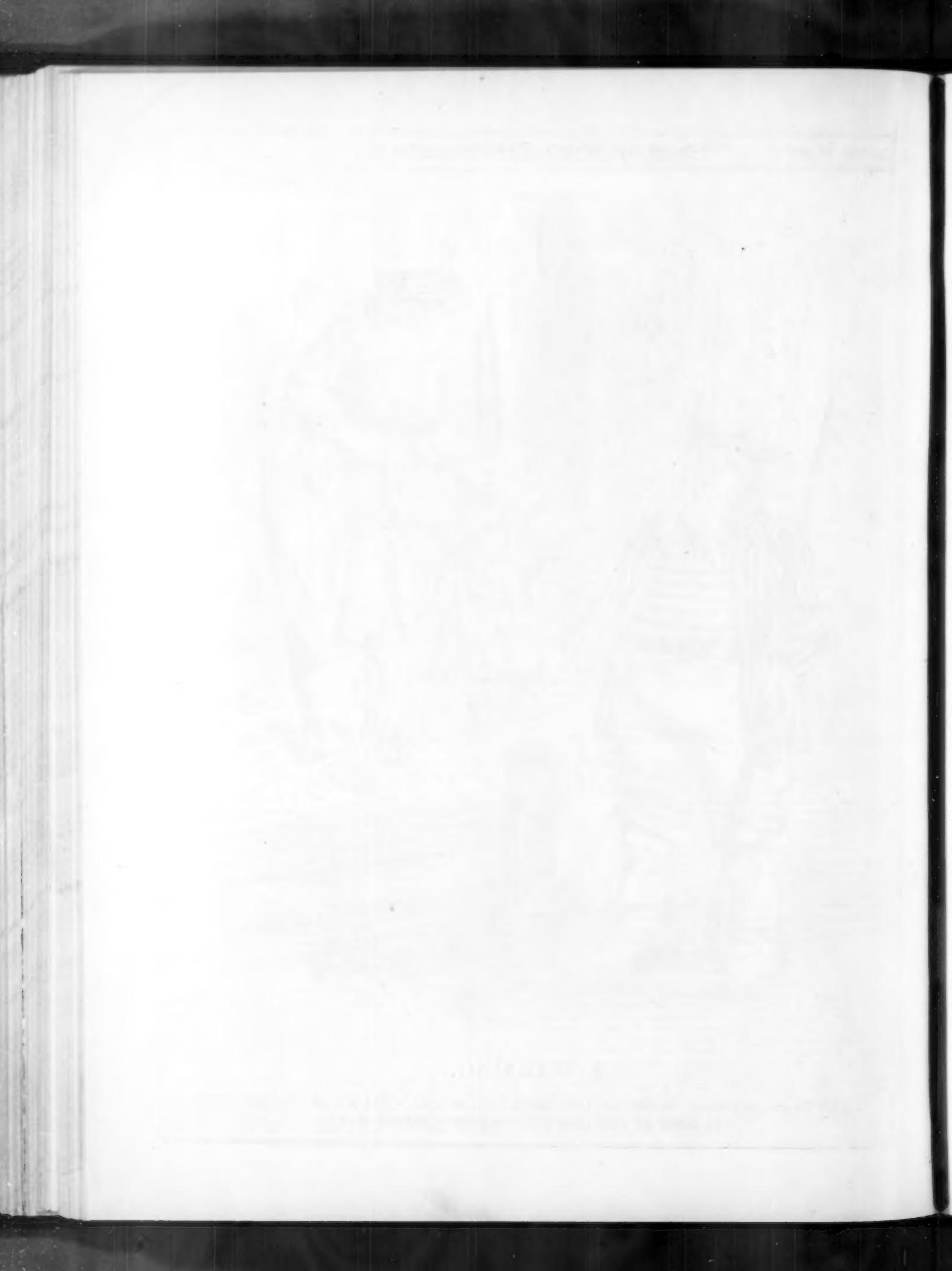
THE daughter of an American millionaire is said to have ordered a gross of dainty gold charms, each being an exquisite model of a boot. These are intended to convey her answer to the numerous suitors who present her with a "proposal brooch." Unlike those articles, however, they contain no hidden inscription; Miss DOLLARFUL considers that the delicate symbolism conveyed by her act of giving her would-be wooers the boot will be a sufficiently explicit answer to their proposals.

WE understand that Mr. ROBINSON, the eminent novelist, is utilising this new and admirable method of making proposals in his forthcoming story. There is a grand scene, we believe, when the hero and heroine, who are both too bashful to speak to each other, find themselves alone in a garden together. The hero attempts to offer his beloved a proposal jewel, but the bashful maiden is loth to receive it, and it is only when he has chased her round the garden for half an hour that he contrives at length to slip it down her back. It would be unfair to the author to reveal the subsequent events of his story, but we may hint that many exciting episodes follow. The heroine orders at her jewellers a stud for the hero, inscribed, "Darling, I am yours!" but the villain, whom she has previously rejected with scorn, bribes the jeweller to alter the words to "Brute, I detest you!" and the most thrilling complications ensue.



A WARNING.

FATHER THAMES (*to London*). "TYPHOID! LOR' BLESS YOU, MA'AM! I SHA'NT DO YOU ANY HARM AS LONG AS YOU KEEP OTHERS FROM HARMING ME!"





RESEARCHES IN ANCIENT SPORTS.
FOOTBALL MATCH.—ROMULUS ROVERS v. NERO HALF-BACKS.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Betrothed Individual of the Weaker Sex is surprised by intelligence from San Francisco.

A LITTLE line of love you send
Across the "herring-pond" to me,
Who was and is and will be friend
So long as friend I yet may be;
So long as in the far, far West,
You don't forget your plighted troth,
And do remember that the best
Of all this life is near for both.

There was a time, I think, my own,
When separation seemed an ill
Scarce to be borne by one alone,—
Who had Love's message to fulfil.
And yet you crossed that wretched sea,
On Californian coast to roam,
Impelled, you said, while you were free,
To look upon Great Freedom's Home!
You write with something of reproof
About Miss ANGELINA BROWN—
From her I've strictly held aloof
Since you, my love, went out of town.
A pelican could not be more
On desert sand regenerate,
And yet your tone is very sore
When writing from the Golden Gate.

A cablegram! The horrid thing
Has sent a quiver through my brain!
That hardened knock! That brazen ring!
Are prophets of a coming pain!
"Married to-day" the message reads,
Not naming the presumptuous clown.
From you my heart (don't think it bleeds)
Is turning—yearning for Miss Brown!

THE BIKER BIKE'D.

HENPECK'D he was. He learnt to bike.
"Now I can go just where I like,"
He chuckled to himself. But she
Had learnt to bike as well as he,



And, what was more, had bought a new
Machine to sweetly carry two.
Ever together now they go,
He sighing, "This is wheel and woe."

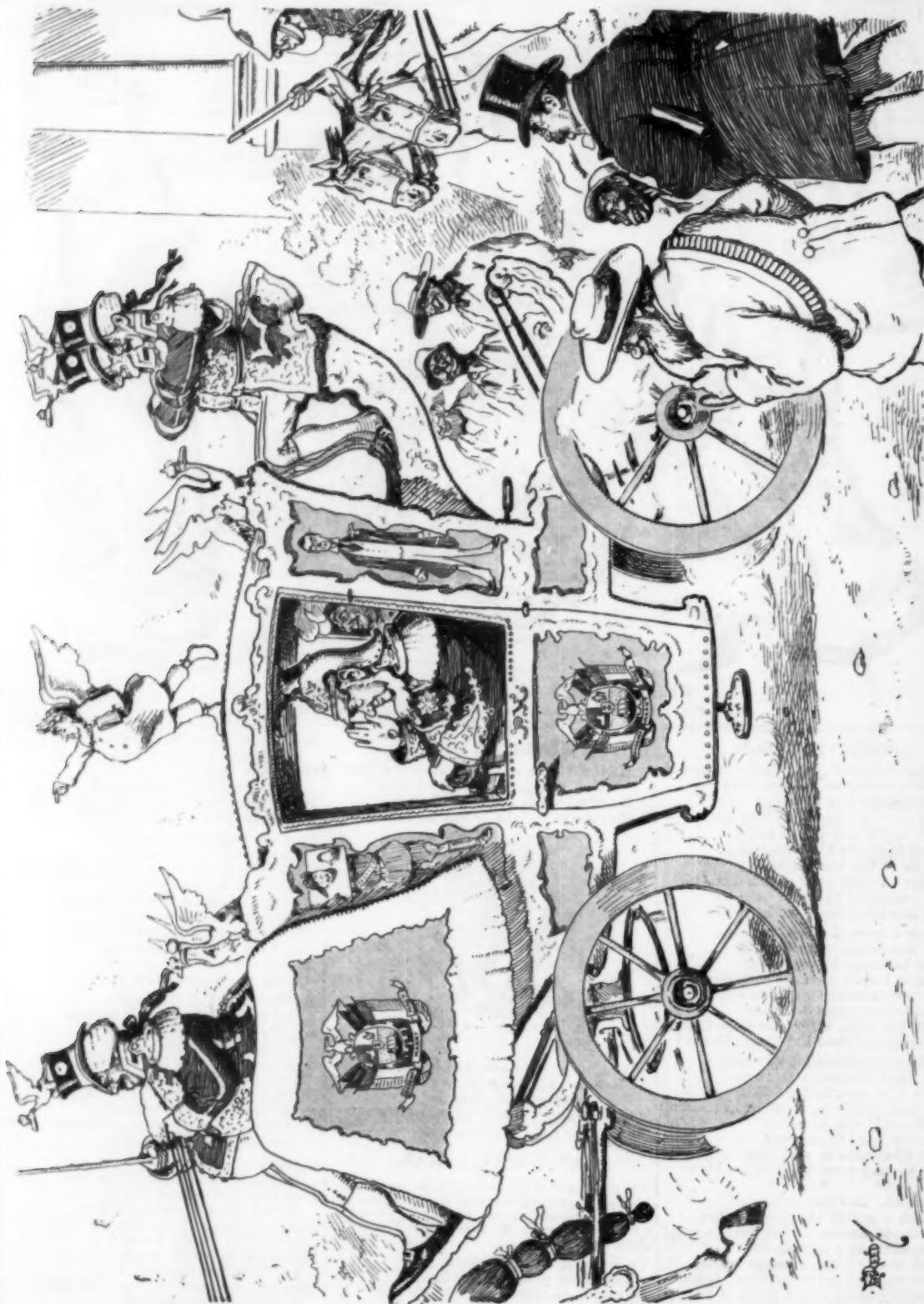
AN UNCIVIL WAR.

[On account of the strike of engineers in England, the Japanese Government has placed its order for a new armoured cruiser, representing about half a million sterling, in the hands of the French.—*Daily Paper.*]

YE demagogues of England,
That draw your Union's fees,
And smile to watch our foreign trade
Drift out across the seas!

Belated lie our hollow ships,
The sport of jealous foes,
While you bluff loud enough
And the stormy language flows,
While you bravely egg your clients on
And the stormy language flows.
They are Britannia's bulwarks,
Her towers along the deep,
With them it rests that name and fame
Shall still be hers to keep!
Care you at all down what descent
Your country's credit goes,
While they shirk England's work
And the mob-oration flows,
Hoist upon their own petards
While the mob-oration flows?
Ye Chroniclers of England,
Our workmen's boasted friends,
Who fly the agitator's flag
For certain private ends!
Good must it be to feel how fast
Your circulation grows,
While your hacks bend their backs
And the ink serenely flows,
While they play the game of life and death
And the easy liquid flows.
Capitalists of England!
How long shall these things be?
How long shall labour idly stand
Barred out with lock and key?
Noblesse oblige! Your nation's hopes
Are in the deadly throes!
Find a way how best to pay
The debt that honour owes!
They win the most that pay the debt
A patriot's honour owes.

[OCTOBER 23, 1897.]



"BOOM IN OOM;" OR, KRUGER UP-TO-DATE.

HE TAKES A DRIVE IN HIS NEW COACH, MUCH TO THE DELIGHT OF THE INHABITANTS!

THE BOOM IN OOM.

I.—“LOOK HERE UPON THIS PICTURE.”

He is not fair to vulgar eyes;

As many monarchs be;

My hero's merit rather lies

In rare simplicity!

From childhood up his natural drift

Was toward the ways of virtue,

Excess in which peculiar gift

Can seldom really hurt you.

Though swollen big from being small,

No airs does he assume;

He keeps the state of honest PAUL

Whose other name is OOM;

No proud tiara decks his poll,

He wears a common topper,

Having the economic soul

Ideal in a Dopper.

His only meal is mutton-broth,

He never tasted sack;

A coat of broad and sable cloth

Hangs down his modest back;

And though he paints his nether guise

With just a touch of tartan,

His tout ensemble justifies

The epithet of Spartan.

He sits at home with pensive brows,

Taxing his teeming brain

To answer wires about his spouse

From Mr. CHAMBERLAIN;

And when at times the stress of things

Would tend to make him falter,

He clears his fluty throat and sings

A segment from the Psalter.

No courtly plumage puts he on,

Still humbly he behaves,

When sallying out to sit upon

His Raad of burgher braves;

Proceeding in a simple fly

Or Government four-wheeler,

He goes his way escorted by

A single mounted peeler.

II.—“AND ON THIS.”

So sang I once, so told the charm

Of Oom's alluring grace;

But now I notice with alarm

A change has taken place;

Within the lute begins to show

A rift of rude dimensions!

And feet of clay appear below

My idol's stern extensions!

For, see! the fallen one has bought

From Britain, over seas,

A Jubilee conveyance, wrought

With regal blazons!

There flash the arms of early Boers

With fine heraldic feeling,

And eagles swarm about the doors

And also on the ceiling.

Some enemy has worked, I wis,

Upon his guileless age,

And pricked him on to order this

Insidious equipage;

For now that, where the end is thin,

The wedge is once inserted,

His feet along the path of sin

Are hopelessly diverted.

Where will he stop? Far down the years

I see his tastes decline

On jewels bartered from De Beers,

Or some adjacent mine;

With costly liquors, long and warm,

I see his bosom flutter

Beneath a fetching uniform

Shaped by a German cutter!

How wanton pride may lead to shame

Was shown in ancient time,



A CUT BENEATH HER.

Lady of the House. “OH, YES, JANE, I ASKED MRS. JOHNSTON TO LET HER LITTLE BOY AND HIS NURSE CALL TO GO WALKING WITH YOU AND THE CHILDREN.”

Nurse. “WELL, MA'AM, I HOPE AS YOU DON'T EXPECT ME TO GO WALKING WITH THAT YOUNG PERSON? I DON'T THINK YOU CAN BE AWARE AS SHE IS ONLY A NURSE-'OUSEMAID!”

When HANNIBAL (who likewise came
From Afric's sultry clime)
At Capua, that giddy spot,
Indulged in hibernation,
Till all his gallant army got
Quite ill with enervation!

O, Little England, dear to OOM!
I ask you, was it fair
To see him sent to certain doom
Through such a deadly snare?
And O, my LARRY! have you then
Sullied your latest laurels
By looking on while wicked men
Debauched a brother's morals?

THE GORDON HOTELANDERS.

(Summary of Meeting at the Metropole.)

MR. FREDERICK GORDON said he was “gored on” (“Oh! Oh!”) by his partners, and so he acted agordonly. (“Oh! Oh! Oh!”) Up to now he had always considered *Sauce Hollandaise* (*cheers*) an excellent thing. (“Hear!”) But it might be made just a little too sharp. He had read what had been said about him in the Holland manifesto, and he might, if they would allow him, sing from *La Grande Duchesse*:—

“Voilà ce que l'on dit de moi
Dans la Gazette de Hollande! Oui!”

(laughter), but he hoped, in the interests

of everybody, that the friction would be only temporary. (“Hear! Hear!”)

Sir BLUNDELL MAPLE said: I wish well to all these hotel schemes, which, I am maple to say (“Oh! Oh!”), are doing uncommonly well. (“Bravo!”)

Mr. HOLLAND observed that he and his brother, though a pair, were not to be considered as “Double Dutchmen.” (“No! No!”) He thought Mr. Gordon’s quotation from *La Grande Dutch-ease* rather personal; but, for his part, and complimenting the Chairman of the Gordon Hotelanders on his vocal chords (“Hear! Hear!”) he hoped sincerely that soon they would all be in the same key, act in unison, and that their voices henceforth would be in harmony. (*Enthusiastic applause*.)

There was a show of hands, when everybody shook everybody else’s hand in the cheeriest possible manner.

[We have since ascertained, too late, however, to prevent this from going to press, that the above report is an entire invention; but as it was evidently conceived in a friendly spirit, it is to be hoped that the real result will be as satisfactory as our False Reporter has imagined it.—ED.]

At the Colchester Oyster Feast.

Polite Stranger (to Neighbouring Native). May I pass you the Chili vinegar?

Neighbouring Native. No, thank you. I always prefer my oysters neat.



EH

FAMILY RECORDS.

Indignant Parent. "YOU ARE A VERY NAUGHTY BOY, TOMMY, TELLING A FIB LIKE THAT! I NEVER TOLD FIBS WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BOY!"

Impenitent Son. "WHEN DID YOU BEGIN, THEN, FATHER?"

HINTS TO HOSTESSES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Now that the country-house season is commencing, would you grant me space to suggest certain improvements on the present system of entertainment? I would say to the hostess:—

In the first place, let breakfast be a moveable feast, varying from 9.30 A.M. to, say mid-day, and let that horrible custom of calling everybody beforehand at the same time be abolished for ever. Also let the housemaids be forbidden to clatter about the passages with brooms and pails during the earlier hours of the day. I can't precisely fix which are the earlier hours; but what I mean, wait till I am up and out. Order the cook (never mind her grumbling) to have hot and hot dishes ready during the entire forenoon. If a man likes lying in bed, don't bother him to go out shooting, or riding, or driving. Don't expect, as a matter of course, to see him at luncheon, and if he doesn't put in an appearance at that melancholy meal, avoid making sarcastic inquiries as to the state of his health when you do see him. Give the butler instructions to have whiskey, brandy, bottled beer, and soda-water perpetually laid out in a convenient spot, for instance, on a table in the billiard-room or smoking-room, where a thirsty individual can quietly slake his mouth without going through the absurd and semi-public ceremony of ringing the dining-room bell. Never get up afternoon excursions to the celebrated places in the neighbourhood, Castle Glorious, the seat of the Duke of SPLENDOWER, or the ruins of Crackmedow Abbey, or the Weasel-gutter Waterfall. On such occasions, in nine cases out of ten, the guests in the conveyances are shaken together in as unsatisfactory fashion as are travellers in an American railway car. Let the coachman, however, understand that he is to be prepared to send out carriages and pony-carts without any orders from the host or hostess. Have "five-o'clock" by all means, but don't expect your male guests to wander about with cups and plates of bread and butter and cake, like waiters out of place. Before dinner, don't pair off the company, but let each man select his own partner. Avoid inviting any of the neighbouring big-wigs to a grand repast, and strictly abstain from giving a county ball. Don't let the children come down to dessert, and don't insist upon

everyone foregathering later on in the drawing-room, to be bored by mediocre music, wearied by the playing of infantine games, or maddened by the influence of atrocious whist. Let everyone have the right of passing directly from the dining-room to the billiard-room. Notify that everyone may go to bed when he pleases, and can order grilled bones and devilled kidneys before doing so. In short, Madam, turn your house into a free-and-easy hotel. You will become very popular, and never lack for visitors.

Such, Mr. Punch, is the advice which I would earnestly impress upon the country-house hostess. In all humility as a practical reformer, I am,

Your obedient servant,

Dolce far Niente Club, W.

JOHN LAZIBOHN.

P.S.—I could refer to other phases of the question, but all the clauses of a reform bill cannot be carried at the first attempt. We must have a beginning.

VOTES AND VOX POPULI.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Now that the Municipal Elections are in full swing, may I venture to suggest certain Golden Rules to those who intend to cast their shells into the urn? They are as follows:—

1. Always vote for the candidate who objects to lowering the local rates, for as a rule he is an honest man, and has not got a brother-in-law or cousin interested in the house-building, road-making, or plumbing business, which the blatant Economist invariably has.

2. Sign the nomination papers of as many philanthropists as you are legally entitled to support. This will gain you immense respect. N.B.—*You need not poll in favour of these gentlemen.* On the contrary, give them the kick out of the ballot-box. They will never know, and be eternally grateful.

3. Studiously inquire whether the whole-hearted individual who solicits your vote has any ambition to become Mayor. If so, discover whether it be likely that a knighthood be lurking in the immediate future in consequence of some Royal Visit to the borough.

4. On the polling day walk about with your voting-paper conspicuously exposed till a late hour in the evening. If discreet, you will have an enjoyable time at the expense of other citizens, and be able to light your pipe with the document when you are smoking your post-prandial pipe at night.

5. Cultivate the local wire-pullers, and ask them to lend you the use of a carriage to drive about the borough.

6. Never give yourself away, or your vote. Without bribery or corruption, a voter may, on such an occasion, revel in *otium cum dignitate* at Bumbledom.

Your obedient servant,

HERBERT HIRAWAY.

13, Blue Green Chambers, Little Thistleton.

A VOICE FROM NELSON'S COLUMN.

(Heard on the occasion of the Anniversary.)

Yes, it is all very well to cover my column with leaves, but could they not do a little more? Quite right to keep my memory green, but my fame ought to be protected with equal care. I suppose I ought not to complain. Nowadays, everybody is abused. I daresay that the good fellows I see beneath me have all been subjected to criticism. No doubt NAPIER has been called incompetent, GORDON a bigot, and HAVELOCK a slow-coach. But some league or other is sure to look after our pedestals. Even His Majesty CHARLES THE FIRST is afforded a bouquet or two. They took years to build my column; more years to cast my lions; more years yet to remember my anniversary. Well, they have got the date at last, and my pillar is in the hands of blue-jackets *vice steeple-jack* superseded.

All this is quite right and proper. But what I should like to know is, why I am attacked about my battles? Thanks to my friend Admiral Sir VISCY HAMILTON, my fame has been protected. All honour to the Service Magazine that printed his "vindication." But the leaves that called it forth are not like those around my plinth. Those I see below me are Nature's handiwork—green and pleasant. After all, they are more instructive of the appreciation in which I am held by my country than those other leaves—made of paper.

At the Pig and Poleaxe.

Jobbinson. You're down in the mouth! What are you thinking about, old man? Quarter day?

Dobbinson (wearily). No, my boy, no quarter day, when my landlord puts in an execution.



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